THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 9th of Third Month,* 1805. [No. 13.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum, payable at the end of the first quarter.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Upon overlooking the concluding lines of this production the mind of the author was struck with a fear that they exhibited something like an appearance of theft, or at least too close an imitation of some lines in Cowper's Task: but upon consideration, rather preferred remaining as the humble imitator or echo of that charming poet, to the toil of forcing his thoughts into a new channel, whither they seemed not willingly to flow:—more especially as at present the point in question could not be ascertain'd: the author not having the pleasure of possessing that delightful poem, neither having seen it for more than twelve months. He freely acknowledges his high admiration of it, the influence of its beauties, and their deep impression on his mind; and is therefore the more jealous, that he may have mixed thoughts taken from the treasury of memory, with those springing from his own original mine. In justice to himself, he must however, and *can*, with the utmost sincerity declare; that he has been guilty of no designed deviation from the most perfect originality.

MENTOR.

—

Retrospective and Perspective Sketches of Life.

Bright is the scene when life's unclouded dawn
Spreads her own roseate blush o'er infant charms,
And sheds her silver dews! but brighter far,
In radiance sublime! when hoary time,
Nature's prime agent, with majestic mien
Unfolds the gates of day. Then streams of gold
And glowing sapphires far illume the east,
Till the wide-spreading lofty arch of heaven
Receives the flood of glory, and, enkindling
With burnish'd splendor, charms the aching sight!
So to my ardent fancy seem'd the scenes
Which, op'ning first on my enraptur'd view,
Entranc'd my youthful sense. But ah! too soon
Their brightest hues were lost—ere summer's noon
Forth from her blazing car resplendent burst,
While jocund spring with festive step advanc'd,
And scarce from forth her richly-teeming hand,
Had shed her fragrant blossoms round my path;
While my heart glow'd with exquisite delight,
Fed on her charms, and quaff'd her nectar'd bowl
Of melting bliss. Luxurious, potent draught!
Whose soul-dissolving power, all sense and thought—
In extasies unspeakable can drown!
But not o'er me thy oft-resistless power
To such enchantment rose, nor yet content
To skim thy surface, my too eager soul,
Anxious thy *all* of promis'd sweets to gain,
And hoping thence to slake my burning thirst,
Heedless that aught of anguish lurk'd beneath.
While, dancing to the eye in pleasure's ray,
And all unconscious of thy bitter dregs,
My ardent soul, too tremblingly alive
To each soft touch of nature's sentiment,
And taste refin'd—in sweet delirium lost,
Too deeply dipp'd below thy sparkling brim.
'Twas there imagination pictur'd fair
The forms of friendship and domestic bliss:
Dear shadowy forms! half granted to my prayer,
While half-illusive, fled my eager grasp.
'Twas there I gaz'd, in blissful confidence,
Disdaining doubt, and, lost to sober thought,
Dream'd of eternal constancy and truth.
Ah, then too soon thick gathering clouds appear'd,
And marr'd the scene which erst so bright had shone.
Oh! had my soul ere this instructed been,
That temperance forms our only shield from wo,
Chasten'd by her, that season of delight,
By nature form'd so exquisitely mild,
Had pass'd serene,—unruffled by those storms
Bred by unsultur'd sensibility.
Ye friends, long sever'd from my circling arms;
Some rudely torn by force, some drawn by guile,
Some, by false reasoning warp'd, and taught to view
Evil for good, through error's misty glass,
Justice nor duty estimate aright;
And life's best joys relinquishing with ease,
Sink into apathy to rise no more—
Some gliding off with half reluctant steps,
But most allur'd by new pursuits—I greet,
In spirit greet you:—Have ye then forgot
Those juvenile endearments, which are form'd,
In hearts like mine, to twine around its core
In chains, no power but cold neglect can break,
Till the last ling'ring spark of life expire?
Ye friends, so early lov'd—I love you still;
Still on remembrance swells the pleasing past,
Still in my breast your lov'd idea lives
Like the pale shade of dear departed joy.
Friendship! I owe thee much—both when thy smile
First won my heart, and since thy purer law
Ten thousand offices of kind-regard
Hath added to my store of bliss below.
Thou, like the moon, when first thy flame appear'd,
To me was but a single streak of light:
Yet with a brilliant circle didst illume
My social hemisphere, till, spreading far,
Encreasing lustre chas'd each shade of gloom,
And all thy ample orb refulgent beam'd.
Thou too, like her, and every changeful thing,
Hast both thy wane and glory: yet I still
Must honour thee; both in thy early dawn,
Thy zenith, and thy sad but slow decline.
For slowly thou, with pale and ling'ring beam,
Faint-glimmering round the mental horizon,
Withdrawst thy influence: nor to thee belongs
The shame of trampling on thy sacred law
And covenant of love: thy broken faith
Thy oft-forgotten vows; can only swell
The overflowing tide of human imperfection:
Still, though the world thus wound thee, thou, unmov'd,
Benighly bent, thy guardian care extend'st.
Like some lone Bark, with freight of human souls,
Sailing all-graceful o'er the broad expanse
Of life's vast ocean; thou, to shield from harm
Thy votaries sincere, from shipwreck, loss,
And cruel separation—when the storms
Thick-gathering hang impending o'er the deep—
Oft steer'st thy course to Hymen's peaceful port:
There shelter'd safe, by thy chaste power convey'd,
I rear a temple to thy hallowed name:
Whose fabric stands cemented by esteem,
And founded deep in love; while, dress'd in smiles,
Four cherub forms of infancy uphold,
And, with Herculean strength, support the whole.
Here rob'd in simple majesty, the queen
Of pure domestic pleasure sits enthron'd;
And ever and anon, from forth her store,
Confers those infant blessings which expand
With new sensations of delight and love,
The feeling heart. But anxious cares attend
On every state: else might the tranquil mind
Ne'er look beyond this fleeting transient sphere.
No hopes, uncheck'd by fears, henceforth outspread
Their fluttering pinions on the balmy air,
Though to paternal, and maternal eyes,
In distant view an ample harvest smiles
To crown their pleasing toils; yet oft they cast
A fearful eye around, and, pensive, mark
Sad desolation o'er the neighbouring soil
Out-spread; where once the gladdening prospect shone
Bright as their own. Ah! then with pale alarm
Their every nerve is thrill'd, lest some rude blast,
Or foe in ambush hid, should thus destroy,
With sweeping ruin, all their promis'd store.
Sweet is the season, when mild vernal suns
And soft-descending showers, with equal power,
Their bounteous gifts dispense; with wondrous skill
And wisdom form'd, alternately to shed
Their genial influence, and each tender plant
T' invigorate, enliven, and mature—
And sweet the season, when the latent buds
Swell into view, and ask the careful hand
Of culture, to regard their infant state,
And from the noxious insect, ruffian winds,
The chilling blast, untimely frost, and blight
Of baleful mildew, his protecting skill
Demand; that, when the bloom of spring is o'er,
And summer's fructifying power is past,
A plenteous vintage may his fields adorn,
Of rich autumnal fruits, to grace the feast
Of wintry life, ere evening's solemn close.
But sweeter still is youth's delightful spring!
Yet oft the tiny forms of budding worth
Neglected lie, though all existencies
Transcending far in value: Lo, the germ
Of immortality——ntelligence—
Their attribute divine! in these appears,
And loudly claims experience for its guide.
Come then, ye shepherds! tend your beauteous flocks,
And mark their way before them: I can tell

Though taught the outline of the plan sublime
Which forms the christian, and though early train'd
In principles of virtue—I can tell
What 'twas, while yet too weak, to find my powers,
My infant powers, confided in too soon.
My judgment, prudence, call'd to test severe:
And I sole judge in many a trivial cause,
So seeming, on a broader scale, but great
As tending to confirm or undermine
Evil and good—left free to act and choose.
Mistaken tenderness! thy partial eye
Hath cost me something; but I owe thee still
More than a life of service could repay.
Yet 'tis through thee that I have early known
What 'tis to be expos'd, and left at large
With room to range; in youth's defenceless state
To tempt the guily foe; alone to stand
Th' unequal combat; left by conflict sore
To buy my own experience, at the price
Of many an hour's repose. And say by whose,
Cries keen-eyed observation, save his own,
Will man, too headstrong, blind and erring man,
Instructed be? alas! too oft by none.
Experience *never* can be cheaply earn'd,
Exclaims the sage, it must be dearly bought.
And yet perhaps no real need exists
Of such enormous drains, such vast expense,
As youth, untrain'd with close observant skill
In life's first stage, is oft compell'd to bear.
Ah, rest not guardians, delegated such
By God and nature! rest not your success
On general principles: hard is the task
For judgments, green and immature, to draw
Each just distinction, or to comprehend
The source of those dark shades which oft abound,
In characters held up to mortal view
As fair examples; harder still the task,
On every new occasion to discern
The right from wrong, and, seeing, to resolve
With prompt decision, on the strict pursuit
Of all their better prospects: passion, pride,
Taste, and excess of love for lawful things,
E'en sympathy and friendship, sacred names,
May lead astray, and need the tempering aid
Of counsel to prescribe their just degree.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The benefit of Religion as a stay to the mind in Affliction.

"THIS is my comfort in my *affliction*: for thy word hath quickened me." PSALMIST.

It is not my design in the present essay to enter into a minute detail of the calamities by which we are on all sides surrounded. Every body knows, and even feels, that the life of man is nothing more than one continual round of vexations and troubles. They commence with our birth, increase in proportion to the days of our lives, and terminate only in death. It may be well said, that we have received our eyes from nature as organs not less for the purpose of seeing than of weeping. What numerous fountains of tears are open in all parts of the world! and yet occasions are not wanting to exhaust them! It is not to be doubted that at the time I am writing there is not a city to be found exempt from the tears and sighs of unrelenting sorrow.

It would seem that all creatures are armed against us. The very elements incommode us by their distemperature, brutes by their ferocity, insects by their stings, and the herbs of the field by their poison: even the rose wears its thorn to wound us, and man is armed against his fellow man, to cause mutual grief and destruction. Thus we see it is our lot to suffer, and whether by imaginary or real evils, we are bound to pay the tribute due from human frailty. It is to little purpose that remedies are placed within our reach; for they not unfrequently afflict us more than the very evils which we suffer. Wherefore it appears that we must assuredly fall a prey to this common enemy, if our souls possess not a good degree of firmness and resolution; a firmness and resolution, which, as they are derived from God, so must they be accompanied by divine assistance, in order to lull us, in the lap of truth, into a forgetfulness of our miseries. The stoics, who were strangers to the advantages of the true religion, and who confided chiefly in their self-love, deceived themselves when they boasted of their insensibility. For the Most High who sends us punishments, can, alone, impart consolation.

I am aware that, in a degree, sorrow may become habitual, and also that by the powers of the imagination, one becomes enabled to diminish it, and almost to forget it. But this is only a momentary slumber; for the evil returns and affects us in an oppressive manner, if Religion withhold the means of drying up our tears, and deny us a measure of fortitude and animation. Those who have suffered martyrdom have experienced from this source a comfortable support in the midst of devouring flames, because they felt the operations of eternal justice more sensibly than the fire which consumed them. It is when we become enamoured of the Divine perfection that we suffer in hope, and it is well known, that hope is the most powerful of all consolations.

It should be our constant care to examine the nature of the evils which afflict us, and to endeavour to look forward to their termination. If our present calamity be bodily pain, let us bear in mind that we are not exempt from the agency of external causes, and that soon or late we must resign ourselves up to death: if it be the loss of temporal goods, we may view the present privation as a prelude to the universal spoliation which awaits us in the Sepulchre: if it be some base calumny, let us remember that a blessing is, in the Gospel, pronounced upon those who suffer persecutions: if, in a word, it be the death of a relation or of a friend, consolation is derived from the hope of meeting again, as well as from the satisfaction and content which the remembrance of the deceased affords. These are consolations which are offered by Christian philosophy to the poor not less than to the rich; to the ignorant as well as to the learned.—We ought not to grieve like those without hope. If Marcus Aurelius, a mere Pagan, could find a remedy for every evil incidental to mortals, what ought *we* not to derive from the Gospel, our light and our rejoicing?

There are some persons of so little fortitude as to be reduced to a state of despair by the slightest puncture; there are others who, from an ostentatious display of firmness, never utter the language of complaint, and apparently despise pain.—

These extremes are avoided when we suffer ourselves to be governed by a proper principle of Religion. For Christianity steers equally distant between effeminate susceptibility and stoical apathy. It weeps at the death of Lazarus, and bears, without murmuring, the most poignant sufferings. What can appear more glorious than a mind which, in the midst of afflictions and of anguish (however irritated and tormented by the fermentation of the humours and of the blood, or encompassed by the calamities attendant on sublunary revolutions) rises superior to events, and expects all its consolations from the source of Divine Goodness! At such seasons it would seem that the body is left behind in the earth, while the unencumbered soul is left at liberty to act, to converse, and to triumph.

It is purposed to continue this subject in a future number.

CARAC.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

By my stove, in my own house, March 3, 1805.

Gentlemen,

I had just finished my work, and taken up my pipe to comfort myself, when my neighbour Philip came in, with one of your papers, that you call the "Fire-side." "Here," said he, "Jerry, I have a pretty story for you," and so he read me a letter, signed Simon Slow. I heard him out to the end before I said any thing about the matter, and then I asked him if he know'd the writer? He said he did

not know, for certain, but he thought as how it was a man I know'd—and so I told him it was, and that he told the truth, but not all the truth, and he had put a false name to it, because I had caught him in a great many lies and made him ashamed of himself. Then I up and told Philip the fellow's right name. That's not the man, said he, for I am sure, though he pretends to be a shoemaker, he is a carpenter. He served me a scurvy trick, and I've half a mind to write to the printers, and tell his true name, and how he served me. For, said he, I paid him half a dollar to come and put a pair of hinges on my new cellar door, and fix the fastenings, and he promised, as I had paid him beforehand, to come that very afternoon, and do it all snug before night. But 3 o'clock, and 5 o'clock passed, and night came without the carpenter. I went after him, but could not find him, and so I was obliged to fasten the door as well as I could, and that was bad enough. I did not sleep very sound, and therefore I got up bright and early, and you may think what I felt when I saw my door broken open and a barrel of good potatoes taken off. That's bad enough, said I, but I'm sure that's not the man, for I'll tell you how he served me. I went to him and bespoke a pair of good strong boots, for wet weather, for my old ones were clean gone to pieces, and he promised that I should certainly have them by Saturday night—for you know I always take out my work myself, before breakfast on Sunday morning. Well, when Saturday arrived I thought, to be sure, I should have my new boots. But 10 o'clock came, and I heard the watchman, but saw no boots—and I was forced to stay up till 12 o'clock, alone, for my wife, Betty, said she wouldn't wait up for such a fellow, for she was certain I shouldn't get my boots. She said true enough, for they did not come. When I went to bed I tried to slip in as quietly as I could, as I did not want to tell Betty of my disappointment, but she has quick ears—she soon waked and cried out, " Aye, aye, I thought so, you're coming to bed without your boots are you? I told you Sam would fool you, and you've got your labour for your pains." I did not want to talk about the business, as I did not feel very good-natured, and I told her I was sleepy. But she would not let me be quiet. " That's the way (she said) you always let Sam fool you, you make clothes for him and take his promises for pay; you ha'n't half a noddle—you're a poor sieve-brained fellow—your head keeps wit no better than a basket holds water—you'll be poor Jerry Snipe still, if you don't take my advice, and sue him and get your money, and then turn him off to some other fool." I did not half like this kind of talk, but being under the weather a little, for peace sake, I promised, if I could not get my money soon, to follow her advice. Next morning being Sunday, it snowed and rained together, and I was obliged to carry out my work in my old slips, so I got a bad cold, and was too sick to work all Monday. I coughed pretty often, and whenever Betty heard me, she said, " Aye, aye, I told you so, I gave you warning, and he that wont take wit for nothing must buy it, and now your own throat brays at you--you dont deserve any better." Between Betty's talk and my cold I had not much quiet all day. Tuesday being clear, I set out early to see Sam Jones (for that's his name) and give him a sound scolding, and a threatening into the bargain. He was fast in bed, but I rattled him up. While he was coming down I thought matters over and grew pretty angry—when he opened the door I was ready to give him a full volley, but he interrupted me by a shake of the hand, and " dear good Mr. Snipe, I'm very sorry to see you out so soon this cold morning, do come into the house," Yes, said I, walking in, and it's all your fault, and I've got a bad cold too by your neglect. " Ay, I see that, he said, and I'm sorry for it, for you are one of the best friends I have in the world, I don't know what I should have done without you, for a poor man like me needs such a friend as you Mr. Snipe." This quite overset me, for I thought it would be very uncivil to treat a man roughly who behaved so polite, and in his own house too—and so I quietly told him of my disappointment, and begged him to have my boots done soon. He was very sorry he had forgot them, and promised I should certainly have them, by next Saturday, *before dark*. I came home and told Betty. She called me a jackanapes, and spit in my face—" there, take that, she said, and next time I'll try if I cant pull the fool out through your nose."—I felt a little hurt, but I believed I ought to behave like a Christian, and so I went to work. When Saturday evening came, still no boots arrived. I growl'd to myself about Sam, and Betty overheard me. She soon began to sneer, & let the spoon, out of the boiling mush, fall on my hand. I plucked up courage, for she burnt one of my fingers, and told her it was very uncivil, so it was, to scald any man that was so kind to his wife, and I put her in mind of the new cap I gave her on Sunday. " Why, Jerry, said she, you wou'dn't have a cent, to buy an inch of buckram, if I didn't look after all ends. You'd fool away every yard of list, and every scrap of cloth, if I didn't eye you like a hawk watches a chicken. Jerry, I tell you, as I told you before, you are a riddle-headed snipe, and one might as soon draw blood out of an oyster as beat wit into your upper story." Least said soonest mended, thought I, and so I put on my coat and took my yard-stick, with a determination to settle the matter with Sam. I found a journeyman and his boy Bob, in the shop, but Sam was gone out. I told them my business, and my determination to beat Sam if my boots were not done. " O, said Bob, Mr. Snipe you need not make yourself uneasy about that, for your boots are done." He went into the room and brought a pair of Bonepartes " there they are, said he, put them on, Mr. Snipe " I threw off my slippers and tried to pull on the boots, but I could not, for the life of me, get my toes past the calf. Bob, said I, you have made a mistake, these aint my boots. " Yes, but there are, said he, and made for you, so try again. I'll warrant the'll fit you as snug as a jacket." I sat down to give another pull—when a smart beau came in, and claimed the boots. I asked his pardon and told him the truth of the matter. Bob looked a little shy. " Why, said he, Bob you dog, why do you lie so? Did I not give them to you this evening to fill the nail holes with pegs—you know they are my boots, you dog." Well, well, replied Bob, smarting up—" I can't help it, gentlemen, master says he'll flog me if I don't lie on a proper occasion, to save his credit. So, you see, I'm forc'd to it—and I don't think there's much harm in the story, for it hasn't hurt any body.—Master says its no harm to tell a white lie when any thing's to be got by it." I laid my yard stick over the boy's back and came home—not to sleep—for Betty was as good as her word. Here Philip stopp'd me, and insisted that I was mistaken. As we could not settle the affair we concluded I should send you this letter, and ask you if my guess is not the truth.

Yours to serve,

JEREMIAH SNIPE.

N. B. Do not fail to let us know the truth in your next paper, for Philip and I have agreed to buy one between us, and

so if you oblige us you will sell a paper. Do publish Sam for telling his boy to lie—let all the people in town know what a rogue Sam is, to bring an honest peaceable man into so much trouble with his wife—and don't forget to tell me how to quiet Betty, for she wont let me alone.

Yours,

J. S.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A Farewell to a beautiful place in the Country, by a lad of about twelve years old.

Farewell, ye wild romantic Woods,
Ye Vallies, and ye gentle Floods;
Farewell ye hills, so wildly high,
With heads erected towards the sky.
How oft upon the River's bank,
Of its clear crystal stream I drank!
Oft, on the verdant bank, have stood
With baited hook, cast in the flood;
And often, when I wish'd to lave,
Have sunk upon its yielding wave!
Along the winding shore to roam,
Have taken oft my path from home;
And frequent, in my lonely way,
Have smil'd upon the lambs at play;
Or view'd the rocks which cover o'er
The mountains on the farther shore.
But now I must from you repair,
And join the City's noise and care;
Your beauties I no longer view;
But sighing bid you all adieu!—

For the Evening Fire-side.

ON PEDANTIC COMPOSITION.

"Magno conatu magnas nugas agit."—TERENT.

He makes great exertions for great trifles.

There have been writers in all ages, who, aiming at elegance and sublimity of language, have in their impetuous ardour to reach their desired object, mistaken or overleaped the mark; and instead of embellishing their pages by strength of argument, propriety of illustration, and ease of diction, have permitted simplicity to be usurped by bombast, their periods to be swelled by turgid expression, and profound reason to yield place to froth and insipidity.

The advantages resulting from a regular and accurate composition cannot perhaps be duly appreciated: and yet, evident as many of them are to every man of taste, much surprise is excited by a perusal of the numberless publications, which now presumptuously lay claim to our attention, while they deform the appearance of learning, and sacrifice simplicity and real elegance at the shrine of innovation. The mind toils through these with langour and dejection, and at length, wearied with bombast and empty declamation, turns disgusted from their monotonous and insipid contents.

The greatest writers, whose productions have been perused with delight, admiration, and instruction, by mankind, through successive years, were sensible of the powerful effect of a composition formed on principles, whose exercise would fascinate and interest the mind, while they *improved the heart*. As long, therefore, as our present pretenders to learning disdain the imitation of those pure models, an Addison, a Johnson, and a Blair, their pages, though they may sparkle like a meteor, enkindled for a moment, and attract the gaze of multitudes, yet when the effervescence of an indiscriminate praise shall have subsided, their false splendour will glitter in the eye no more: their speculations, which they expected would excite the surprise of thousands, will only be seen enclosing a *pound of sugar*, and their *fire* to be insufficient to light the *tallow candle* which they surround.

I have been frequently amused at those instances which I have met with, that evince, by the assistance of ridicule, the absurdity of calling in the aid of pomposity and prolix description, when conciseness would have conveyed ideas equally accurate, and simplicity interested the reader, where pedantry has disgusted him.

One of the productions of an ingenious philosopher of my acquaintance, (whom, although from some circumstances which have occurred I consider as my enemy, I nevertheless admire for his talents) sometime ago fell into my hands. And though it may with propriety be ranked among the *deliramenta doctrinæ—the idle vagaries of erudition*, yet as it forcibly illustrates the justice of some of the foregoing observations, I shall give it to my readers. Whether he really intended it to ridicule the prevailing taste, or merely wrote it to occupy a lounging hour, I am ignorant: but I recollect, when I first saw the original, at the end of it there was a note of the writer, asserting that the "description was scientifically correct."

Something Wonderful!!!!

Description of a ——

A structure, of the order of Trochilics Horodictics, portable. Internals communicative of diurnal and nocturnal revolution; circumgyrated by interior enclosed spiral elastics, by means of concatenary extension, and affixion or adunation to conical solid metallic compounds; made equably-potent by their increase semi-diametrically in an equilateral hyperbolic curvilinear rationale: together with circular revolving pieces of similar composition, possessing interstices applicable to, and propelling, leaves of carbonated and vitrificated ferruginous matter, proportionate to the former, both in numerical & geometrical ratio, supported in peritrochional form. Optionally linguaculous, by percussion of dense and sonorous atoms (conglomerated by commixion, liquefaction, and modification) in elliptical vibration, horarily, or instantaneously; and taciturnal, executive by wish. Solomelodious in octodiurnary intervals; and immediately harmonical by volition, producing, mechanically, an euphonic concord; by means of lineal animal extension, communicating from interior mechanism to external view and tangibility: and changeable in sex-ratio indicative method, nominally. For the production of regularity in performance, it possesses an alternative isochronal vibrator, (not plumbage) alterative heliacally, and actuated by gravitation and applicable force united: with a projection, adjacent, to prevent oscillatory motion when needless or nocent. The effect of the movement, when officially dutiful, annunciative of persevering lapse, not only audibly, by percussion and repercussion, but visibly, by rotation of an equably-proper transition of space, combining absolute with relative motion, and a recoiling index, proportionately propelled in rapid circum-jactations. It is not contrasomniferous by will, and doth not exhibit to the optical organ, lunations or other celestial and temporary movements and conjunctions, such as Hebdomadal, Synodical, or Platonic. Its front owes its beauty and composition to one of the richest empires of this conglobated, terraqueous, sublunary planet.

The whole of this miraculous specimen of human ingenuity, which will remain as an horological monument of the wonders produced and producible by theoretical combined with practical science, is indebted to the three grand kingdoms or classes of nature for its entity; is enveloped in an integument composed of vegetable and animal materials, ornamented with metallic substances and emblematic decorations, having a deceptive aurentine resplendency; and is visible through a pellucid salino-siliceous medium. In suspension is a necessary revolving retrograde manual appendage, to restore debilitated and relaxed potency. It possesses no external pendulous appendant saturnine ponderers attached to it

by "lineal descent." This chronometrical phenomenon, in its "edification," teaches powerfully, both in a secret and in a public manner; and combines utility with beauty, and knowledge with pleasure.

EXHIBITED and ELUCIDATED by me,
Sir Bombastico Highflownico, Esq.
Oval Temple,
No. 93, North Ninth st.

—

After reading this *idle ingenuity* repeatedly, I fancied that I could *faintly discern* what my acquaintance, the philosopher, meant, by his laboured "elucidation;" which is very similar to many of the descriptions of this tribe of beings, making "confusion worse confounded," and obscurity more palpable. I suspect that the first idea of the above performance was taken from an inscription over a Watch-maker's door, in Oxford.* Probably he might have extended it much further, and more fully "exhibited" his meaning, by ransacking the dictionary, and torturing the English language in a greater degree, by means of its mother-tongue, the Latin, and by the addition of generic and specific names; but by this procedure, he would no doubt have tortured also the nerves and brains of his readers: on whom it may be presumed, he had some compassion, by not writing *ten pages more.* I entreat them therefore, in his own method of expression, if they have any regard for their safety, *to rest-satisfied with their present deranged state of* INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY! *And let the social consanguinity of reciprocal intercourse atone for the interruption; which might by undissipated attention to such a conglomerated commixture, produce a* "MANIACAL HALLUCINATION."

T. D.

March 1, 1805.

* Vide Penn. Mag. Vol. i. p. 124.

—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

RUIN'D MARY.

The shrill gust whistles o'er the plain;
The herds their evening shelter seek;
And fast descends the patt'ring rain
That beats on MARY's pallid cheek.

Poor *girl!* she wanders 'mid the storm,
Nor knows her path is wet and dreary—
For reason fled her lovely form,
When love betray'd poor ruin'd Mary.

Her dim eye scarce the path discerns;
Her tatter'd vestments mock the blast;
Her wounded heart with madness burns,
And to the cliff she wanders fast.

Yet I remember well the day
When she was like the rambling fairy;
Among the gayest she was gay,
Till love betray'd poor ruin'd Mary.

'Twas in yon vine-surrounded grove,
A lover won her virgin heart;
'Twas in yon fragrant sweet alcove
She first confess'd love's treacherous smart.

'Twas there the voice of art beguil'd
A heart that knew not to be wary—
Seduction's fiends successful smil'd,
And triumph'd over ruin'd Mary.

Now sad and mournful pass her days,
For innocence has fled her breast;
And wild she sings her artless lays
When darkness lulls the swains to rest.

High on the jutting cliff she stands,
Like some desponding, wandering fairy;
In robes of white, with folded hands,
And breathes a prayer for ruin'd Mary.

ENDYMION.

—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ORTHOEPY.

The more easy and familiar our pronunciation is, the nearer it comports with the simplicity of nature. The words of our language have almost all been borrowed from other languages: The original orthography has been pretty much adhered to: but an alteration in the pronunciation has been found, in many instances, expedient. Dictionaries for the *explanation* of words were long since used; but until Sheridan arose, the manner of *pronouncing*, except in the accent, could be learned only by oral example. Sheridan was followed as the standard, till others in the laudable ardour for improvement, making some striking amendments, eclipsed his brightness. Jones is now much celebrated, and his meritorious works are, by many, looked to as a standard for English pronunciation. But I presume, it must still be admitted, that he also has not in all cases exhibited perfection: room yet remains for advantageous alteration.—Will Americans step forward on all *other* literary occasions of moment, and in *this*, implicitly acquiesce with foreign establishments? Let not the insinuation that the productions of "mother country" possess a decided superiority over those of our own, be any determent. There is no doubt with me, but that the American and English pronunciation may in some instances properly differ. In practice a difference is observable: and as custom is powerfully influential in this as well as in other things, may not we also claim the right of progressing where advantage is obvious. In our "happy country," equality is much more prevalent than in the old countries: why then should we tenaciously adhere to what the learned of England say? for they may act like fashion-mongers,—continually be making alterations in speech for the gratification of that vanity which is fed by an imaginary superiority over fellow creatures. Let us rather cultivate our own native genius. We can, (and shall do well to) take all English manners that appear convenient and consistent with simplicity: but let us look upon the adoption of those which are otherwise, as being beyond the sanction of philosophical principle, and impartial judgment. So we will pronounce words nearly as our neighbours do, and not exhibit high-mindedness by an ostentatious display of knowledge in that which is not substantial. Then we shall evince in our intercourse with others that we act upon a reasonable plan; and they will not be disgusted with singularities in which they see neither reason nor convenience. For my part I could never see why we should depart from the common custom of sounding the diphthong in *sauce*, *taunt*, &c. just as in *laugh*, and *launch*: neither can I conceive it better to sound the diphthong in *point*, *joint*, &c. exactly as in *poise* and *noise*, when in the word *choir*, it is otherwise. The word denoting the imperfect tense of the faculty by which we perceive sounds, has been uttered by the same modification of the organs of speech as that which denotes a collective number of beasts: but why? Some allege there is more elegance in it: this, say I, is a matter of opinion founded only on its use in some particular circles. Enterprising fellow-citizens, let us examine for ourselves, and judge of the fitness of things by comparison; so shall our practices agree with the dictates of our own understandings, and we shall not be carried away by the flights of the fanciful, into the fickle regions of unsteadiness.

VERNACULUS.

Nook, March 4.

—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

HAPPINESS.

The great object that mankind are in pursuit of, from the most elevated to the lowest condition, is happiness.—The means adopted to obtain it are as various, as the objects are diversified in which it is supposed to exist. If we expect to find it in worldly acquirements, we shall be

so if you oblige us you will sell a paper. Do publish Sam for telling his boy to lie—let all the people in town know what a rogue Sam is, to bring an honest peaceable man into so much trouble with his wife—and don't forget to tell me how to quiet Betty, for she wont let me alone.

Yours,

J. S.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A Farewell to a beautiful place in the Country, by a lad of about twelve years old.

Farewell, ye wild romantic Woods,
Ye Vallies, and ye gentle Floods;
Farewell ye hills, so wildly high,
With heads erected towards the sky.
How oft upon the River's bank,
Of its clear crystal stream I drank!
Oft, on the verdant bank, have stood
With baited hook, cast in the flood;
And often, when I wish'd to lave,
Have sunk upon its yielding wave!
Along the winding shore to roam,
Have taken oft my path from home;
And frequent, in my lonely way,
Have smil'd upon the lambs at play;
Or view'd the rocks which cover o'er
The mountains on the farther shore.
But now I must from you repair,
And join the City's noise and care;
Your beauties I no longer view;
But sighing bid you all adieu!—

For the Evening Fire-side.

ON PEDANTIC COMPOSITION.

"Magno conatu magnas nugas agit."—TERENT.

He makes great exertions for great trifles.

There have been writers in all ages, who, aiming at elegance and sublimity of language, have in their impetuous ardour to reach their desired object, mistaken or overleaped the mark; and instead of embellishing their pages by strength of argument, propriety of illustration, and ease of diction, have permitted simplicity to be usurped by bombast, their periods to be swelled by turgid expression, and profound reason to yield place to froth and insipidity.

The advantages resulting from a regular and accurate composition cannot perhaps be duly appreciated: and yet, evident as many of them are to every man of taste, much surprise is excited by a perusal of the numberless publications, which now presumptuously lay claim to our attention, while they deform the appearance of learning, and sacrifice simplicity and real elegance at the shrine of innovation. The mind toils through these with langour and dejection, and at length, wearied with bombast and empty declamation, turns disgusted from their monotonous and insipid contents.

The greatest writers, whose productions have been perused with delight, admiration, and instruction, by mankind, through successive years, were sensible of the powerful effect of a composition formed on principles, whose exercise would fascinate and interest the mind, while they *improved the heart*. As long, therefore, as our present pretenders to learning disdain the imitation of those pure models, an Addison, a Johnson, and a Blair, their pages, though they may sparkle like a meteor, enkindled for a moment, and attract the gaze of multitudes, yet when the effervescence of an indiscriminate praise shall have subsided, their false splendour will glitter in the eye no more: their speculations, which they expected would excite the surprise of thousands, will only be seen enclosing a *pound of sugar*, and their *fire* to be insufficient to light the *tallow candle* which they surround.

I have been frequently amused at those instances which I have met with, that evince, by the assistance of ridicule, the absurdity of calling in the aid of pomposity and prolix description, when conciseness would have conveyed ideas equally accurate, and simplicity interested the reader, where pedantry has disgusted him.

One of the productions of an ingenious philosopher of my acquaintance, (whom, although from some circumstances which have occurred I consider as my enemy, I nevertheless admire for his talents) sometime ago fell into my hands. And though it may with propriety be ranked among the *deliramenta doctrinæ—the idle vagaries of erudition*, yet as it forcibly illustrates the justice of some of the foregoing observations, I shall give it to my readers. Whether he really intended it to ridicule the prevailing taste, or merely wrote it to occupy a lounging hour, I am ignorant: but I recollect, when I first saw the original, at the end of it there was a note of the writer, asserting that the "description was scientifically correct."

Something Wonderful!!!!

Description of a ——

A structure, of the order of Trochilics Horodictics, portable. Internals communicative of diurnal and nocturnal revolution; circumgyrated by interior enclosed spiral elastics, by means of concatenary extension, and affixion or adunation to conical solid metallic compounds; made equably-potent by their increase semidiametrically in an equilateral hyperbolic curvilinear rationale: together with circular revolving pieces of similar composition, possessing interstices applicable to, and propelling, leaves of carbonated and vitrificated ferruginous matter, proportionate to the former, both in numerical & geometrical ratio, supported in peritrochional form. Optionally linguaculous, by percussion of dense and sonorous atoms (conglomerated by commixion, liquefaction, and modification) in elliptical vibration, horarily, or instantaneously; and taciturnal, executive by wish. Solomelodious in octodiurnary intervals; and immediately harmonical by volition, producing, mechanically, an euphonic concord; by means of lineal animal extension, communicating from interior mechanism to external view and tangibility: and changeable in sex-ratio indicative method, nominally. For the production of regularity in performance, it possesses an alternative isochronal vibrator, (not plumbage) alterative heliacally, and actuated by gravitation and applicable force united: with a projection, adjacent, to prevent oscillatory motion when needless or nocent. The effect of the movement, when officially dutiful, annunciative of persevering lapse, not only audibly, by percussion and repercussion, but visibly, by rotation of an equably-proper transition of space, combining absolute with relative motion, and a recoiling index, proportionately propelled in rapid circum-jactations. It is not contrasomniferous by will, and doth not exhibit to the optical organ, lunations or other celestial and temporary movements and conjunctions, such as Hebdomadal, Synodical, or Platonic. Its front owes its beauty and composition to one of the richest empires of this conglobated, terraqueous, sublunary planet.

The whole of this miraculous specimen of human ingenuity, which will remain as an horological monument of the wonders produced and producible by theoretical combined with practical science, is indebted to the three grand kingdoms or classes of nature for its entity; is enveloped in an integument composed of vegetable and animal materials, ornamented with metallic substances and emblematic decorations, having a deceptive aurentine resplendency; and is visible through a pellucid salino-siliceous medium. In suspension is a necessary revolving retrograde manual appendage, to restore debilitated and relaxed potency. It possesses no external pendulous appendant saturnine ponderers attached to it

by "lineal descent." This chronometrical phenomenon, in its "edification," teaches powerfully, both in a secret and in a public manner; and combines utility with beauty, and knowledge with pleasure.

EXHIBITED and ELUCIDATED by me,
Sir Bombastico Highflownico, Esq.
Oval Temple.
No. 93, North Ninth st.

After reading this *idle ingenuity* repeatedly, I fancied that I could *faintly discern* what my acquaintance, the philosopher, meant, by his laboured "elucidation;" which is very similar to many of the descriptions of this tribe of beings, making "confusion worse confounded," and obscurity more palpable. I suspect that the first idea of the above performance was taken from an inscription over a Watch-maker's door, in Oxford.* Probably he might have extended it much further, and more fully "exhibited" his meaning, by ransacking the dictionary, and torturing the English language in a greater degree, by means of its mother-tongue, the Latin, and by the addition of generic and specific names; but by this procedure, he would no doubt have tortured also the nerves and brains of his readers: on whom it may be presumed, he had some compassion, by not writing *ten pages more.* I entreat them therefore, in his own method of expression, if they have any regard for their safety, *to rest satisfied with their present deranged state of* INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY! *And let the social consanguinity of reciprocal intercourse atone for the interruption; which might by undissipated attention to such a conglomerated commixture, produce a* "MANIACAL HALLUCINATION."

T. D.

March 1, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

RUIN'D MARY.

The shrill gust whistles o'er the plain;
The herds their evening shelter seek;
And fast descends the patt'ring rain
That beats on MARY'S pallid cheek.

Poor *girl!* she wanders 'mid the storm,
Nor knows her path is wet and dreary—
For reason fled her lovely form,
When love betray'd poor ruin'd Mary.

Her dim eye scarce the path discerns;
Her tatter'd vestments mock the blast;
Her wounded heart with madness burns,
And to the cliff she wanders fast.

Yet I remember well the day
When she was like the rambling fairy;
Among the gayest she was gay,
Till love betray'd poor ruin'd Mary.

'Twas in yon vine-surrounded grove,
A lover won her virgin heart;
'Twas in yon fragrant sweet alcove
She first confess'd love's treacherous smart.

'Twas there the voice of art beguil'd
A heart that knew not to be wary—
Seduction's fiends successful smil'd,
And triumph'd over ruin'd Mary.

Now sad and mournful pass her days,
For innocence has fled her breast;
And wild she sings her artless lays
When darkness lulls the swains to rest.

High on the jutting cliff she stands,
Like some desponding, wandering fairy;
In robes of white, with folded hands,
And breathes a prayer for ruin'd Mary.

ENDYMION.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ORTHOEPY.

The more easy and familiar our pronunciation is, the nearer it comports with the simplicity of nature. The words of our language have almost all been borrowed from other languages: The original orthography has been pretty much adhered to: but an alteration in the pronunciation has been found, in many instances, expedient. Dictionaries for the *explanation* of words were long since used; but until Sheridan arose, the manner of *pronouncing*, except in the accent, could be learned only by oral example. Sheridan was followed as the standard, till others in the laudable ardour for improvement, making some striking amendments, eclipsed his brightness. Jones is now much celebrated, and his meritorious works are, by many, looked to as a standard for English pronunciation. But I presume, it must still be admitted, that he also has not in all cases exhibited perfection: room yet remains for advantageous alteration.—Will Americans step forward on all *other* literary occasions of moment, and in *this*, implicitly acquiesce with foreign establishments? Let not the insinuation that the productions of "mother country" possess a decided superiority over those of our own, be any determent. There is no doubt with me, but that the American and English pronunciation may in some instances properly differ. In practice a difference is observable: and as custom is powerfully influential in this as well as in other things, may not we also claim the right of progressing where advantage is obvious. In our "happy country," equality is much more prevalent than in the old countries: why then should we tenaciously adhere to what the learned of England say? for they may act like fashion-mongers,—continually be making alterations in speech for the gratification of that vanity which is fed by an imaginary superiority over fellow creatures. Let us rather cultivate our own native genius. We can, (and shall do well to) take all English manners that appear convenient and consistent with simplicity: but let us look upon the adoption of those which are otherwise, as being beyond the sanction of philosophical principle, and impartial judgment. So we will pronounce words nearly as our neighbours do, and not exhibit high-mindedness by an ostentatious display of knowledge in that which is not substantial. Then we shall evince in our intercourse with others that we act upon a reasonable plan; and they will not be disgusted with singularities in which they see neither reason nor convenience. For my part I could never see why we should depart from the common custom of sounding the diphthong in *sauce*, *taunt*, &c. just as in *laugh*, and *launch*: neither can I conceive it better to sound the diphthong in *point*, *joint*, &c. exactly as in *poise* and *noise*, when in the word *choir*, it is otherwise. The word denoting the imperfect tense of the faculty by which we perceive sounds, has been uttered by the same modification of the organs of speech as that which denotes a collective number of beasts: but why? Some allege there is more elegance in it: this, say I, is a matter of opinion founded only on its use in some particular circles. Enterprising fellow-citizens, let us examine for ourselves, and judge of the fitness of things by comparison; so shall our practices agree with the dictates of our own understandings, and we shall not be carried away by the flights of the fanciful, into the fickle regions of unsteadiness.

VERNACULUS.

Nook, March 4.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

HAPPINESS.

The great object that mankind are in pursuit of, from the most elevated to the lowest condition, is happiness.—The means adopted to obtain it are as various, as the objects are diversified in which it is supposed to exist. If we expect to find it in worldly acquirements, we shall be

* Vide Penn. Mag. Vol. i. p. 124.

greatly disappointed, as an eminent writer expresses it—"To see and consider the emptiness and error of all worldly happiness, to see the grossness of sensuality, the poorness of pride, the stupidity of covetousness, the vanity of dress, the delusion of honour, the blindness of our passions, the uncertainty of our lives, and the shortness of all worldly projects; these are meditations that are suited to all capacities; they require no depth of thought, or sublime speculations, but are forced upon us by all our senses, and taught by almost every thing that we see and hear: this is that wisdom that crieth and putteth forth her voice in the streets, Prov. 8th and 1st verse, that standeth at all our doors, that appealeth to all our senses, teaching us in every thing and every where, by all that we see and all that we hear, by births and by burials, by sickness and health, by life and death, by pains and poverty, by misery and vanity, and by all the changes and chances of life, that there is no other end in nature for us to aim at, but a happiness which is only to be found in the hopes and expectations of Religion."—Let us then examine our pursuits, and endeavour to ascertain the point to which they tend.

If they afford us a prospect of that happiness above spoken of, let us not relax in our perseverance to obtain so desirable a blessing.

Here we have no continuing city—the period is fast approaching when we must bid a final farewell to all earthly enjoyments—at this awful moment no consideration will so deeply interest us as that of our own salvation.

Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound—
A cordial for our fears,
Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the army of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.*

PUBLIC GOOD.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

As the "Member of the Invisible Club" has bid adieu to Franklin and to me, it might be deemed a breach of politeness to omit taking my leave of him; this I will endeavour to do in a concise manner, and at the same time elucidate what he has endeavoured to render obsure.

His motto first strikes our attention, "*Invisibilia non decipiunt*,"* and in this instance I shall grant its truth. It would be a reflection on the understanding of my readers, to suppose they would be deceived by this invisible *thing*, the imitator of Cobbett; his deviations from truth are so palpable, that few who can read will be led into error.

I shall take no further notice of his attempts to pervert my expressions, than by observing, that such little shifts are tokens of a bad cause, and place the writer in a diminutive point of view. My readers know that the word "poor" is often, and *expressively*, used as a term of endearment; in such a sense I used it. But not satisfied with perversion, this "Invisible," operated on by envy, and in direct violation of truth, says, "Even the defenders of Franklin acknowledge that his works are already *old* and *good for nothing*." Readers! when and where have they made this acknowledgment? Oh! Invisibilis—if the blush have not forever departed from thy cheek, call it up once more, a silent witness to thy shame, a feeble atonement for the sin of *deception!*

In the next place, he says, "he has directly asserted nothing in his communication:" but has he not by his insinuations taken a method of defaming, which *directly* tends to the same purpose, without exposing himself so openly to the lash of truth?—then he goes on to say, "I have asked, whether those facts which I adduced did not render it *probable*, that the poor old Doctor was not self-taught, and did not *invent* every thing *said* to be his." This furnishes our readers with another occasion to remark how little regard this "Invisible" has to truth—he has never asked any such question!

I will now, in *my* turn, ask a few questions, which my readers can answer to their own satisfaction by recurring to the preceding papers on this subject, signed "Amicus," and "A Member of the Invisible Club."

Did not the "Member" *propagate a falsehood* when he published the quotations from Davis's travels, which say, that *all* of the celebrated parable against persecution came from Bishop Taylor! and if he did, has he told the truth in positively denying it?

Has not Franklin made a beautiful and important addition to the said parable? and has he not ingeniously adapted it to the language of the Bible?

Have not the improvements demonstrated, that Franklin was a man of fine talents? and has he not, in this instance, acquitted himself of plagiarism, by openly denying himself to be the author of the parable?

But Death has closed his lips! he that once pleaded so powerfully the cause of his country before the British parliament, cannot now plead his own: if he could, I have no doubt he would clear himself of every accusation that jealousy could *invent* or *envy* propagate. It were a pity, that common decency had not closed those lips that have *vainly* endeavoured to calumniate the character of a man whose tongue is now locked up in eternal silence! for reputation dies not with the man! it rises up after him, and remains with the living—it is not buried in the "tomb;" but surviving the wreck of nature, it *lives*, *respected* by the good, and *envied* only by those little minds who aspire after fame, without the qualifications which are requisite to attain it.

It appears by the Invisible's last effervescence, that he has found a *bull* in the *field* of argument—but he need not be afraid of it, for though the "Member" has been gored by the horn of public odium, yet my bull is very harmless and *remarkably* docile! any common dictionary will furnish him with weapons that will effectually drive it away. Dr. Johnson defines the meaning of the word "vainly" thus:—"VAINLY. 2. proudly, arrogantly;" and the doctor has corroborated his opinion by a quotation from an author of respectability, which I will transcribe for the benefit of the invisible man, believing that an attention to its important contents, will happily induce him to be silent in future on the subject of these communications.

"Humility teaches us to think neither *vainly* nor vauntingly of ourselves." *Delany.*

Now, that said member has *arrogantly* endeavoured to injure the fame of Franklin, I suppose few will deny who see this writer's ignorance of his mother tongue; an ignorance that would shame a schoolboy, much more one that comes forward *in public* to attack the character of a celebrated writer!

Now, Invisibilis, friend of deception, farewell—and accept my parting advice: clothe thyself in darkness; wrap around thee the cloak of obscurity; retire to the shades of silence: there, hid from the world, cultivate in thy mind a regard for truth, and learn to respect, as sacred, the reputation of the dead; then wilt thou indeed be likely to —— farewell!

Thy friend,

AMICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Prompted by an ardent desire of being acquainted with some of the beauties of the ancient Roman authors, and also of deriving instruction from their works, I lately commenced the study of the language in which those works are written. As I am obliged to prosecute my inquiries without the aid of those instructions and elucidations which are afforded by a *Teacher*, I must necessarily labour under every disadvantage of a traveller groping his way in darkness through an unknown passage. This circumstance may account for my inability to reconcile what has appeared to me an inconsistency in one of the pastorals of the "Mantuan bard,"—

* Watts.

* Things unseen deceive us not. This is the most faithful translation.

as it is very possible those who are better acquainted with them may be fully convinced of their correctness. Or, if the passages in question should have appeared inconsistent to others, the contradiction may have been *explained away* by commentators of whom I have no knowledge. It is with the hope of receiving information on the subject from some of the classical readers of the *Fire-side*, that I am induced to offer the following observations.—In his first Eclogue, Virgil is supposed " to set out his *Father's* good fortune in the person of *Tityrus*," whom we should naturally suppose to have been in the " flow of youthful emotion" when we hear him addressed by Melibœus,

——————" Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
" Formosam resonare doces, Amaryllida sylvas."

In the course of the dialogue, however, it would seem that he had passed the meridian of life ; for when Melibœus asks him what important cause could have taken him to see Rome, he replies—

" Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem ;
" *Candidior* postquam tondenti *barba* cadebat :"

And again, in more than one place, Melibœus addresses him by the appellation of " *Fortunate Senex*."—Whether the shepherds in those days were in the custom of teaching the woods to resound with the names of the fair, at such an advanced period of life, I have not learnt : but in my opinion, it would be rather ludicrous to hear an old man with a *white beard* chanting to the woods the graces of a youthful Amaryllis !—I confess I was struck with the apparent contradiction of the different parts of the poem, and could not but consider it as a breach of that consistency which ought to be preserved in every species of composition. I feel considerable diffidence in offering those remarks on the beautiful pastoral of that great poet ; and more especially when I recollect the lines of Roscommon,—

" How many ages since has Virgil writ ?
" How few are they who understand him yet ?"

But if they can induce some one of the *Fire-side circle* to elucidate the subject, it will afford considerable satisfaction to

TIRO.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Poor ARIEL, floundering in poetic mud,
Vainly, attempts in ANGUS' spight to rave,
With rancour foul, would nip the unfolding bud,
And sing Te deum o'er fair Genius' grave.

Unhappy ARIEL, me thou ought'st to know,
If aught but folly e'er thy thought command,
That insolence and dullness always go,
As modesty and merit, hand in hand.

When dark assassins plunge the pointed steel,
Lives there a man who basely dares not blame ?
" Viewless" thy form it fits thee to conceal,
Thou would-be murd'rer of an honest fame.

Think not thy shafts a noble heart can wound :
The force of satire dwindles in a lie."
The bard secure, with blooming laurel crown'd,
Despises thee as heartily as I.

Remember, ARIEL, (this a friend advises)
Should swell with satire still thy tinsel lay,
That when the moon in majesty arises,
Amazed puppies will the goddess bay.

" AMICUS PLATO."

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Extract of a letter from H. B——d, to her husband, 6th mo. 13th, 1799.

I now adjourn to go and see the far-famed asylum for deaf, and of course dumb, of which I hope to be able to give thee an interesting account.

18th, near 9 o'clock. Just now returned from the asylum, where we spent upwards of two hours, which were to my feelings interesting beyond description ; which thou wilt, I trust, conceive some idea of, when I tell thee I saw the following little children write their names very readily, and a number of them in very good penmanship ; and all of them I think under thirteen years of age ; they are as follows :—

Thomas Bailey, has been about 2 years in the school.

George Tailor, only 11 months, writes well.

James Jones, 3 years, a very good hand.
Lewis Nobby, about 1 year.
Richard Hart, 3 years and 4 months.
Thomas Copeland, 3 years.
Nehemiah Hill, 2 years and 7 months.
Robert Fisher, about 1 year.
Stephen Wens Fox, about 1 year.
James M. Griggon, about 4 years.

FEMALES.

Ann Tuck, about 4 years.
Mary Scott, 3 years.
Francis Smith, 18 months.
Elizabeth Rutherford, 1 year.

There were about 20 of the scholars absent, having liberty to walk out or assist in making hay ; the following are the directions.

Asylum for deaf and dumb children, Bermandsay, Southwark, under the care of Joseph Watson and assistant.

I also heard William Hunter, a lad not quite fourteen years of age, repeat the following address, which had been spoken at their anniversary, to the Governors of the asylum.

" Your indulgence is humbly solicited by one who owes to your bounty (under Heaven) whatever renders his existence comfortable to himself or useful to society ; born deaf & early left an indigent orphan, your asylum at once afforded me protection, and conferred instruction ; when, admitted into it five years ago, I was dumb—I knew nothing : I have now the happiness to be able to speak, to understand words, and to know my Creator and Redeemer, as revealed in the Bible, which I can read, and from which I learn my duty to God and man, and look with joy and hope beyond death, to a more perfect state of being, where the deaf and dumb shall be so no more. May God prosper and bless your benevolence, that all who *are* as I *was*, may have the happiness of becoming as *I am*, able, though in feeble utterance, to offer thanks to you for their deliverance."

This deaf lad's friends being unable to provide for him, is continued in the asylum as an assistant, in which capacity he renders himself exceedingly useful. At the direction of the teachers, he stepped back in the room about ten or twelve feet from me, and repeated the above address with so much intelligence, that I understood every word. I observed him to give the proper emphasis to the words are, was, and am, marked with a dash of the pen under them, in the latter part of the address, which were printed in the italic characters, and he repeated it without having the piece at hand to look at. While I was among the little engaging creatures, I asked one of the lads what the name of this was, laying my hand on my arm ; he readily answered, arm. I then put my finger on my thumb, but my finger being applied to the nail, he said, nail. I then took hold of my thumb, and he readily expressed it intelligibly. I then took out my penknife, which he named ; next my scissors, which he readily and clearly expressed. I then took out my pocket compass, at which he smiled and shook his head, and several of them looking on at the same time, they immediately gave notice to the rest, which they do by a touch, and when they have caught the eye, then with words, accompanied with many intelligent motions of the hands, that they were all soon called, when their Teachers

* Alluding to the 22 stanza of ARIEL's last communication.

asked William Hunter what it was; he answered, I don't know; he then told him it was the magnet (pointing to the needle), which always pointed to the north, which he repeated after the Teacher, and appeared fully to understand, and informed the rest. I also wrote my name, place of abode, how far off, with my children's names, which they could read with great facility. I wrote divers questions, which they readily answered in writing, respecting their ages, and places of abode, which was to my pleasing admiration.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—Arrivals from Europe have brought intelligence as late as the middle of 1st mo. ult. From the variety before us we have selected what we consider as the most interesting.

Spain has published a manifesto, in which are enumerated the injuries and aggressions she has sustained from Great Britain. It also announces orders for the sequestration of all British property in the Spanish dominions, and the recal of the minister and the whole Spanish legation. It strongly invites privateers to arm against Great Britain, and, to incite them to enterprise, the king expressly renounces his usual share of the prize-money in favor of the captors, and promises prompt adjudication in the courts of admiralty. It concludes with a hope that the Spanish arms will, on account of the justice of the cause in which they are engaged, be blessed by that Divine Providence—who has in the most positive terms, commanded christians to *love one another.*

Private letters from Spain state, that the people are very much dissatisfied with the conduct of their government, and that the Prince of Peace becomes every day more obnoxious, not only to the multitude, but to the nobility, who consider him as the servile agent of Bonaparte in Spain.

One of these communications states, that the Prince of Asturias, aided by the old Castilian nobles, has determined to oppose the baleful influence of the Prince of Peace in the state; and that the latter having killed one of the gentlemen belonging to his household, the Prince of Asturias had ordered him to be arrested, but that he had fled.

The spirited decree of the Dutch government, forbidding the interference of French officers in any matters relating to commerce, has been wholly disregarded. The French act as the absolute masters of the country; they even assume to themselves the right of giving away all the places of profit or honour in the state.

Bonaparte, the emperor of the French, has made his imperial speech before the legislative body. In it he appears particularly anxious to impress on the minds of "princes, magistrates, soldiers, citizens," that providence and the wishes of the nation have placed him on the throne, "which, (says he) if it be at all dear to my heart, it is only because it gives me the power of protecting and preserving the interests of the French nation—which I have been fortunate enough to contribute to by my victories, to consolidate by treaties, to stem the torrent of civil discord, and to pave the way for the restoration of manners, society and religion." He declares himself satisfied with the territory and influence he has already acquired; but of which he is by no means disposed to suffer a diminution.

The answer of the legislative body is principally an echo of the speech of their *august monarch.* To give our readers a just idea of the whole, we have selected the following:

"This great people, adorer of great men, always precipitates itself in their suite; and when illustrious chiefs call it to battle, it becomes more necessary to restrain its course than to excite it. Faithful to your great designs, it will protect the states which you have created, and the existence of which it becomes a wise policy to secure."——In the harbour of Brest, it is said, there are twenty-five sail of the line, besides frigates, completely fitted and ready for sea.

The British government has issued letters of marque, and (say the journals) seldom a day passes without hearing of some rich prizes, laden with gold, silver, and other precious articles, the product of the Spanish colonies in America. His majesty the king of Great Britain has opened the session of Parliament with a speech from the throne; in which peculiar satisfaction is expressed at the flourishing state of the country. The necessity of a Spanish war is lamented—the forbearance of Great Britain enlarged upon—and the whole blame of the war retorted upon the Spanish government. After stating the general conduct of the French, which is described as unjust and oppressive, it is mentioned that—notwithstanding these transactions, so repugnant to every sentiment of moderation and justice, a communication has been recently received from the French government, containing professions of a pacific disposition." A reciprocal desire is expressed to embrace the first opportunity of restoring the blessings of peace.——The turn of conversation in France now tends towards a general peace. And peace is echoed on the continent. Yet report informs us that subsidiary treaties with Russia and Sweden are in great forwardness; and it is stated that the subsidies will amount to five millions per annum. Russia was to bring into the field to act against France, 100,000 men. The emperor of Germany and king of Prussia have been invited to accede to the confederacy, but as yet without effect. If, therefore, more reliance is to be placed upon actions than professions, we apprehend that war is yet preparing to stride over the plains of Europe, visiting the cottage with calamity and through the hamlet spreading desolation.

The following is from a Cadiz price current, of a recent date.

Flour 22 to 23 dollars, wheat, per sang, 8 dollars, corn, per do. 4 dollars, rice, 10 dollars, butter 40 cents, beeswax (yellow) 47 dollars, lard 22 cents.

The port of Havannah is open for American vessels laden with provisions.

DOMESTIC.—At Washington, on the 27th ult. the pleadings in the trial of Judge Chase were brought to a close—and, on motion of gen. Jackson, the court came to a resolution to pronounce judgment, on the 1st inst. at 12 o'clock. At which time the question was taken on each article, and the votes of the members were given as follows:—Guilty 95—Not Guilty 177.

On the 4th instant, at 12 o'clock, *Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States*, took the oath of office, and delivered his *Inaugural Speech* in the Senate Chamber, in the presence of the two houses, and a large concourse of citizens.

A violent N. E. storm was experienced at Portland, on the 15th inst. much damage was sustained by the wharves, and shipping in the harbour. It is conjectured that 6000 dollars would not repair the losses.

Earthquake.—On the morning of the 6th ult. at 23 minutes past 9 o'clock, an earthquake was felt in Augusta (Maine) which continued about two seconds. Fahrenheit's thermometer at 26 deg. wind at N. E. and snowing.

Corn was sold in Charleston, South Carolina, the 11th ultimo by the cargo at two dollars fifty cents per bushel. The retailing price is said to be three dollars.

An act has been passed by the legislature of this state and approved by the governor, "for the more effectual prevention of excessive and deceitful gaming, and to prevent unlawful sales of chances of lottery tickets, and to prevent insuring for or against the drawing of such tickets." It is to be regretted that the act did not extend a little further, and declare *all gaming excessive, and all lotteries unlawful.*

On the banks of the Ohio, the past winter is described as having been severe beyond example. That river, it is said, broke up about the 10th of First month, with destructive freshets: in the course of one day no less than eight flat bottomed and four keel boats, some of which were loaded, ten ferry flats, between sixty and eighty canoes, and a house, were seen descending the river among the ice.

Three families from Virginia and Maryland, moving to Kentucky, containing thirty-one souls in one boat, perished. Two boats more were stove about two miles above; boats, cargoes, and crews all lost.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH BAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Communications will be received.